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**DAVID WAGONER**

**UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
CENTRAL DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA  
SOUTHERN DIVISION**

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
Plaintiff,  
v.  
DAVID WAGONER,  
Defendant.

Case No. SA CR 18-266-JVS

## **ADDITIONAL LETTER OF SUPPORT FOR DAVID WAGONER**

**Hearing Date:** 4/24/2024  
**Hearing Time:** 11:00 a.m.

Defendant David Wagoner, through his counsel of record, Deputy Federal Public Defender Isabel Bussarakum, hereby files the attached additional letter of support to be considered for his sentencing.

Respectfully submitted,

**CUAUHTEMOC ORTEGA  
Federal Public Defender**

DATED: April 19, 2024

By /s/ Isabel Bussarakum

ISABEL BUSSARAKUM  
Deputy Federal Public Defender  
Attorney for DAVID WAGONER

March 26, 2024

Jake Wagoner

[REDACTED], South Jordan, UT [REDACTED]  
714-[REDACTED]

Re: Case No. SA CR 18-266-JVS - Testimonial in Support of David Wagoner

Your Honorable Judge Selna,

I am Jake Wagoner, Dave's 24 year old son. Throughout my life I've seen my Dad's challenges, mistakes, triumphs, and achievements.

As I understand it, my Dad's childhood wasn't exactly ideal. He hasn't told me everything, but I do know that his family was poor. He told me a story once about how he remembers going to the LDS church farm as a child to work in order to make up for his family not paying tithing. He said they could come back with food they picked and that's what they'd eat for dinner. I do recall hearing about one time where his older brother, John, pinned him down and hit him with a hammer on the head. I know that this left a decent mark on him, as he still won't discuss many details of his childhood with me.

In addition, or maybe in part because of these challenges, my Dad turned to prescription drugs, with the help of his mother taking him to get prescriptions. I know that he at one point went to an extreme rehab facility which is now closed. He has never talked to me about any details of this, but my mother, Shauna, has disclosed some of the bad things which he went through while there. On top of this, he was excommunicated by the LDS church when he was still in highschool. He told me once that his own mother wouldn't speak to him while he was living in her home. It is around this time that my Dad moved to California and finished his senior year of highschool. I believe this entire experience had a very significant impact on his emotional health and wellbeing, as well as left him with some serious trauma.

All my life I'd known my Dad as a loving, likable, law-abiding person. I knew him as an honest person who cared deeply for his family and loved ones. He was the person who was stopped every 5 feet for a new conversation with friends while out at the baseball field. I used to be called "mini Wags" because I was just like him, and a family friend once told me that if I grew up to be like "big Wags" then I would be a great person. You can imagine my surprise when I was woken up very early to tens of federal agents and armored vehicles in the front yard of my childhood home. I actually thought that I was being swatted by a penpal with whom I had recently given my address. My mother actually came into my room and yelled "What did you do?!" when the authorities began their "raid" (or whatever the term would be). I very vividly remember being handcuffed and put inside a police vehicle, thinking I was going to be hauled to

the police station jail. I feel like this demonstrates the level of shock when I found out that the warrant was for my Dad.

I don't know many of the details of the case, as I have been in a different state and was unable to attend any of the court dates, but from what I gathered at the initial hearing, from what I've been told, and what I've researched on my own, I feel like I can provide some context of what life was like in around 2013. During one of my baseball games, my mother, Shauna, was taken to a local hospital for stomach pain. This turned out to be appendicitis, and she was immediately scheduled for surgery. The surgeon was late the next morning, however, and her appendix burst while waiting. This caused a huge shock to her body, which nearly killed her. I was 12 or 13 at the time, and my brother and I began to sleep at a close friend's house, as my dad spent every waking hour possible at my mom's bedside. During this fight, the hospital had my dad call my mother's parents to fly to California, as well as a priest, to give her a final blessing. While she was able to survive, it left her in an extremely weakened state, unable to do many household or work related tasks for years to come. In addition to this, it was around this time that my Dad lost his job. I don't know the circumstances, but I do know that it put a significant strain on my family. My Dad would pick me up from school, and take me with him to ref basketball games all night, 3-5 times a week. As I know now, this was the only source of income for our family at the time. He always tried to spin it like he wanted to take me so we could spend more time together. He also never failed to give me a dollar or so to get candy or chips from the vending machine. Sometimes, this was the only dinner he could get me. When he told me that one of the referees he worked with had a job offer for him, I could feel the relief in his words. The weight that he seemed to carry appeared to lighten, and the burden of caring for his family became easier to bear. This all isn't meant to make mistakes seem justified, but rather to provide contextual background of what money meant for our family at the time. I think that the situation we faced was a result of a string of misfortunes that were and are extremely unlikely to occur.

My Dad, during this time, obviously made some significant mistakes, the extent of which aren't known to me. However, I do know that he has expressed deep remorse to me, my mother, and the rest of my family, for the harm that he may have caused us. He knows that his actions have had consequences which stretch further and deeper than one can see on the surface. My relationship with him struggled, and I didn't speak to him for about two or three years after this came to light. I was deeply hurt and felt betrayed by him, as I know my brother felt too. It's taken serious effort from my Dad and from myself to mend the relationship we had. That being said, it is abundantly clear to me that my Dad has, in fact, made every possible effort to stitch the wound together, and to reopen the door to a healthy relationship. It was a difficult decision to trust him again, but I am very glad that I have opened my heart and forgiven his mistakes. Through his actions, he has shown me that he has grown incredibly. To support himself, my Dad has been active in his community by supporting underprivileged people such as the homeless through charity work. My Dad has been active in his local church and community. My Dad joined a hockey club, and even joined AA for his addict-like behavior around 2013. These actions, to me, signaled that my Dad was not making empty promises of improvement, but was instead actively taking part in his community and taking part in the betterment of himself. It's clear to me

that despite all the negativity he was feeling, he pushed through and came out the other side a better person.

Thank you for your time,  
Jake Wagoner

